



Succulence by **coconutmango**

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Summary: "Ever has it been that love knows not its own depth until the hour of separation." - Kahlil Gibran

Succulence

Chapter 1

We hunger in earnest for that which we can not consume - Nenia Campbell

She's arching off the bed, skin gleaming with sweat and soft cries of pleasure escape her mouth. Her body feels hot. A warm hand slides over the flat of her stomach, over her ribs and slowly advance towards the underside of bare breasts.

It's hot. It's aching. She wants it. She wants..., she wants it, she must want it.

Her eyes are shut, seeing a sea of black behind her lids.

There's now a hot heavy aching warmth of flesh on her, strong body pressing her down into the bed, and she lets out a low moan from the back of her throat.

She lets her legs fall open, allowing the masculine body between her warmth to rub against her flower. A hard aching pulsing thing.

A hot wet tongue slips out to lick her collarbone and up to her ear, and she refrains from shivering. Her breathing is rapid.

Goosebumps rise on her skin. He smells of musk, hot and spicy. She inhales it. Loves it. Pretends to love it. Shows it in the way her breath hitches.

Her hands wrap around hard muscle, she opens her mouth and sighs.

She feels teeth, on her neck. They bite lightly, a reminder of who it was. Then a pair of lips suck at her flesh. It feels nice. She feels nice. Her body feels tingly all of a sudden between her legs. She's feeling slick. She's aroused. Is she?

Words whisper into her ear, "Do you crave me, baby? Do you want sweetness in the aching void of your wet cunt?...do you want the

sweetness of my sugar plum cock?"

Wait what? She didn't remember those words.

She gasps, feverish. Skin clammy. Sweat beading down her temple.

Then she smells it. It's sweet at first until it gets more powerful. Like Cotton candy and something else, like something rotten and-and like iron; like blood. It's seeping down her nostrils, burning her eyes, and it scalds her throat.

She squeezes her eyes. No, no, no no.....

Something prickles at the back of her mind and it grows, bigger and bigger. The hands are now gripping her arms tighter. The body is heavier. She feels like shes suffocating.

The grinding against her cunt is harsher more insistent. Her legs clamp down around his waist. Hoping to halt him. Stop. Please stop. It hurts, she wants to say, wants to scream.

Then sharp teeth softly bite the soft shell of her ear, "Do you want to float my sweet baby? Do you want to...float wrapped around my cock"

Rose's body goes still. Fuck.

Her heart is ramming against her rib cage. That voice. She knows that voice.

Her lids fly open, her heart in her throat and then she screams.

Bloody Fucking Murder.

"Rose what the fuck! Rose!" James jumps off the bed, eyes wide with shock and naked. He's running his hands down his face and abruptly turns behind him. "Fuck that is it! I'm not fucking doing this again. This is the third time this week!" He turns back to Rose and glares. He then storms out of the room, uncaring as he covers his crotch with both hands.

A man's voice curses. "Oh for fucks sake. Come the fuck on! Cut! Cut

cut cut the scene!"

There's a murmuring of noise and Rose sits up, and lifts the sheet to cover her modesty. She is still in shock.

Oh god, oh god, she chants. Her heart is still slowly recovering.

The sweetness is gone. The scent is gone, only the musk of James.

Several people step near the bed. Her makeup artist Lakin, two of the camera guys while the rest stare at her from the back of the room, a set member and the director. The look on his face grounded her reality.

Shit.

"What the hell is wrong with you? It's the bloody third time. Have you seen the Psychiatrist I told you to see?" He looks down at Rose and she refrains from sliding down the bed and hide under the blankets.

She feels vulnerable with so many eyes on her. She's also naked.

He gives her an expectant look, "Well have you?" He scowls and then turns to Lakin. "Clean her up, and tell James to get his ass back in here now!" He lets out a growl of frustration. "Goddamn it, I will not risk delaying this production any further."

Rose looks down.

She feels guilty. "I'm sorry."

Josh goes back to his seat besides the camera guy and dismisses her. "Your sorry?, don't apologize and fix yourself-get your shit together and stop wasting my time." He turns to the rest of the crew. "Time is money people, get your asses back to work!"

This time James stalks back into the room, his face annoyed. He slips back into the bed, "I swear to god if you scream again, I'm leaving this movie for good."

Rose swallows and nods.

This week had been the hardest so far. Her nightmares were getting worse. She could hardly sleep much less relax. Her nightmares were bleeding into her reality.

Acting was becoming harder. Her father was concerned and so was everyone she was working for.

It was just-that god awful clown.

He was everywhere. He was driving her crazy.

She could see him in her head. Orange eyes glaring into hers. His shark like mouth slightly open, saliva falling on to her skin and lips as red as blood. It gleamed.

It gleamed of rot, of poison and of flesh.

She fears she's going down hill. She fears she's going to end up like one of those actresses who died a few months ago. The girl had overdosed on drugs. Had taken too many and had passed away in her bed.

Her mind is torturing her now. And so is pennywise.

He wants her to float. High. Higher.

She doesn't want to. She doesn't.

When the scene is finished, she gladly changes, and gathers her things.

Thank god. She was going home.

The director gives her a stern look. "You need help love, and nobody is going to give to you if you don't allow anyone to." She nods, eyes downcast.

Lakin had pulled her aside, "Honey, I'm worried about you. You look like a dead woman walking. Go home and have a bath, drink and go treat that pussy with some real loving. Not this bullshit. They will eat you alive if you don't put your head up and get help."

Rose nods. Her mind far away and hands clasped together in nerves.

Bids goodbye and hugs her before exiting the building.

Her palms feel sweaty.

When she gets home she does exactly what Lakin told her to do. She has a bath, long and hot.

Lavender, and frangipani soaks her skin. She breaths it in. Happy. She doesn't remember the last time she had a bath. She sinks into the water.

God she loved that scent. She slathers the soap over her skin, and she hums a sweet lullaby. The one her mother use to sing to her before her bed time. Before she slept.

When things were simple. Simple as they could be. No nightmares. No clowns. No fears. Just mom. Just her sweet mother. She has a small little day dream.

And then unplugs her bathtub. She grabs the fluffy white towel besides her on the rail.

She dries off and heads to her bedroom. The sound of her feet the only thing she could hear in her apartment. An expensive luxurious place her father had bought just for her.

She didn't want it at first. She preferred a smaller place. But her father was naturally a stubborn man. So she moved in after a great amount of consideration.

She heads towards her bedroom. She opens the door and drops the towel. On her bed was her box. A toy she had never used and had only ordered out of curiosity. When she had received it, she was too embarrassed to open it.

So she hid it away under her bed. After a week of stress and torture she wanted to use it. She didn't want a man. No, that was the time when Pennywise would always appear.

He liked the torture. He liked it when she screamed. When her past

lovers had jumped from the bed, scared and traumatized by the horror of it all. Of her screams.

She was a beautiful actress, desired by many but not enough for her lovers to handle her delusions. That's what they thought.

They pitied her in the end. So beautiful and yet so broken inside. They tire easily of her strange episodes.

She ripped the box open with fascination. It was not big really. The size of an average man's sex. She picked it up and measured.

Good length. She bit her lip. Face flushing as the colors spreads down. Her belly feels hot.

She opens the beige curtains to her glass sliding door, glad that her apartment building was so big and tall that it overlooked everything below. She didn't worry about being seen.

Her father had purchased the air rights, so others couldn't interfere with their own building permissions. She stood there for a bit, watching as the sun slowly set.

She went and laid back on to her bed, her skin a pale contrast against the silk black sheets. Her long red hair splayed out onto the cushions. Her only light from outside, casting shadows in her room.

The toy is heavy in her hands, and she bites her lip. Heart racing, and thighs flexing. There's butterflies in her stomach. She sighs and then runs her hands over her lips, tugging down, down her neck and to her breasts. She pinches one in her fingers, and twists. She moans.

This time she wasn't pretending. Not being watching. No one else but her. No camera crew. No blinding lights. No one. Just her.

Her head is hot. Mouth open in gasps. Fuck.

She slides further down, her cunt open to the air. She raises a finger and sucks hard. Then reaches down, and slowly dives between her hood. She circles her clit, body shaking.

In her mind she sees herself from above. Her full breasts heaving, and

trails of slick smearing the insides of her thighs. The air gets hotter. She feels broken. Broken in her bliss, and in her pleasure.

The past weeks had been a terror. Busy schedules, nightmares, sleepless nights, clowns, and angry directors. She wants a break. Doesn't desire to be behind the cameras anymore, or interviews. People asking questions about her personal life, her mental state and her upcoming movies.

She's tired of it. Tired of red carpets. Tired of fashion. Tired of the glitz and glamour. Tired of the sadness behind it all.

She grabs her breast with the other hand, and stuffs the toy in her throbbing pulsing pussy. She paces herself, her toes curled in to the silk sheets. Her cries are loud.

She feels so good. So good that she raises her hips and rams it in her over and over again. Till all she could think about was nothing and nothing at all. Her stress fades, red lips and orange eyes disappear, red balloons fading. All of it fading and fading.

She's obscenely wet, and as she whimpers into the air, her juices flowing, and her legs wide open and lax she lazily gazes at the opposite end of the room. Brows pulled together as she hits her g spot.

"Oh god," She groans. "Yes, ohhhh..." She picks up her pace, hips slamming back into the toy, heart racing and thighs burning. The pressure was building, higher and higher. She felt like she was about to float.

Just as she hits her g spot on that last delicious hit of the soft head of the synthetic cock, she cries out, tears falling from her eyes. She then places the toy aside on to her mahogany desk. Her body aching and pleurably used.

She sighs and tosses her sheets back ignoring the slippery mess between her inner thighs. She dives underneath her bed. For the first time she feels relaxed. Her mind in a blissful state. She closes her eyes and delves in to rest.

However she's unaware of two blazing eyes watching from the dark corner of her room. Crouched in the dark in it's hulking form. Too big to be human and too inhuman to be normal. It's mouth is dripping wet, salivating with hunger and need. It scents the air, and feels it's belly clenching, jaw moving and it's nostrils flaring.

It purrs in the dark. Chest rumbling. Claws flexing, and throat burning with lust. Teeth elongating before it vanishes. Leaving behind a red balloon. Ready to enter her mind.

Authors note: Hey guys if you like it please leave a comment:)